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McARONE.

I often wish I were an Old Lady.

It may seem a droll wish; and the idea of an old lady with a fancy for dogs and horses, and a taste for whiskey cock-tails, may also have an eccentric aspect.

Still, when I see some tall, spare, dry matron, dignified of presence and slow of speech, with her silver hair folded back from her brow, wrinkled by many experiences; with wintry roses blooming still upon her cheeks, and her sedate, stately old face mantled with the sunset smiles of infinite peace, then I wish I too were an old lady!

They never appear to have any responsibilities, old ladies don't. They always live with somebody, and have nothing to do but to sit with their hands folded...they wear black lace mitts on them...and look dignified. Sometimes they knit, but that is going out of fashion.

Now I, in the extreme and complete *vis inertia* with which Providence has endowed me, consider life with folded hands and nothing to do, in the light of a luxury.

As Frank Wood used to say: "I have a constitution that will stand a great deal of repose."

And the idea of having got through work, for life! How magnificent!

To sit in the chimney corner and smoke a pipe, looking tranquilly backward upon all the troubles and trials and tribulations; the losses, the disappointments, the doubtings and fearings, that make up the bitterness of life ...to look back upon these as things of the past, matters of history, already uninteresting to the present generation...is a boon I do mightily desire.

So, I wish I were an old lady.

It is of no use for you to scold me for laziness.

I shall disarm you in the first place by owning up.

And then again, all your talk about activity, energy, enterprise, and such, is just sheer nonsense.

The sole and whole object of individual labor in this world, is the accumulation of wealth.

And the sole and whole object of the accumulation of wealth is to enable the wealthy one to live without labor.

So that every stroke of work you do, is a means only to the end that you shall one day live like an old lady.

And you needn't tell me that repose isn't sweet unless it is earned by this much overpraised energy and activity.

You don't believe anything of the sort, yourself.

Proof. If you knew that a certain tract of land had oil-springs on it, and it were offered you at a low price, you would jump at the chance, no matter who you are, and provide, with no labor at all, for the life of repose you are always advising me to earn, by hard work, and copious perspiration from the eyebrows.

It is futile, then, to ding at me any longer, in praise of ambition and things. We are all after the same end; the pleasantest life for the least exertion.

And I repeat, that I wish I were an old lady.

It is a matter of regret to me...and of malicious gratification to you...that my wish can never be fulfilled.

I was so very little, at the time of my birth, that nobody thought it worth while to consult my wishes on any subject, not even that of sex.

But if I had been permitted to raise my small voice in vindication of an independent judgment on my own behalf, you may be sure I would have been born an old lady.

Alas! I was only a boy, and can never realize my desire, if I should live to attain the age of our respectable antediluvian neighbors, the *Icthyosauri*.

I shall never sit in the chimney-corner with folded hands and black lace mitts on, looking calmly back upon the beautiful and well-spent existence which I make it a rule to lead.

I shall never be considered an authority on preserves, nor a tower of strength, on the diseases of children.

On the contrary, as age advances, and I become a thin-legged and rheumatic old gentleman with a white moustache and a pink nose, I shall be compelled to keep hammering away at the production of would-be humorous articles, and to old-manfully battle with the world for my bread and butter, my beef and beer, my boots, my brandy, and my 'baccy.

And so on and so forth, till I get to be as old as Methusaleh, and as ugly as an army overcoat.

Perhaps, too, by that time my intellect may become superannuated, as well as my body.

Perhaps I shall be unable to write any thing at all, or...worse yet...perhaps I shall have to settle down to mildly moral tales of impossible adventure for the story papers.

In a word, to wear the Cross of the Legion of Bonner.

This is the most dreadful "perhaps" or them all!

Meanwhile then, let me live at ease, and pluck the little rosy-posies that grow by my youthful roadside, while yet I may.

Let me chase the butterflies of life in woodland places, and sip honey of marvellous strength and sweetness from the newly filled hives that yet await the dripping of my spoon.

Let me lie at full length, supine, in the sunshine, and let the cocoa-nuts drop into my mouth.

Let me, in short, have a good time so long as youth permits...it will not be so very long ...and thus lay up a store of happy memories at least...for I shall lay up nothing else...to enjoy in my days of decadence.

But, nevertheless, while I am plucking the rosy-posies, and catching the butterflies, and sipping the honey, and eating the cocoa-nuts, I heave an occasional sigh of profound depth, and wish that I were an old lady!

There are those, who would like to go backward, the other way, and be babies again.

I don't.

Babies are always in danger of being kissed by people I shouldn't choose for osculatory subjects.

They also have personal habits that do not comport with my ideas of propriety.

And, furthermore, they have all their troubles before them.

The kissing nuisance is, however, the worst of it.

Fancy yourself helplessly bound up in flannel cerements, and then handed around a whole roomful of venerable relatives to be kissed.

Fancy the tobacco-kisses, the onion-kisses, the whiskey-kisses; the kisses of which an advertisement says, "how many riends have they estranged, how many lovers have they separated."

Yet the unhappy baby, struggling indeed, but vainly, has to undergo all this, and many many times over.

On the whole, I think I am wise in my first election, and shall still cling to the wish that I were an old lady.

McARONE.

GAMMON AND SPINACH is the title of "a new comic scientific periodical," presently to be started by Messrs. Trubner & Co. So, at least, says an English paper, adding that "the projectors believe that the boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous is as often overstepped by the *savant* as by the politician, lawyer, or any other person in society who figures in the pages of our favorite comic journals, and that such false steps offer a wide field for fun." Full reports of the meetings of scientific societies and reviews are promised.

THE NIGHT OF FIFTY YEARS.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

I tell the story as I heard it, touched for and under oath. If I do not believe it, it is no reason that you should not. As I scarcely like to mention her real name, I shall speak of her as Julia,—since I know no other name, so full of life. At the very heat and strength of summer, she was a person of thoroughly warm and healthy organization, by no means one of those thin-blooded lymphy people who might be supposed to see ghosts because they look so much like them themselves. Of large and rather handsome mould, with ruddy color on her cheek, with hair thick, abundant, and seemingly alive in every strand, with clear steady eyes, and so strong and warm a hand-clasp, she was a person to reassure you should you see a ghost yourself.

She was an Englishwoman, and had come to these shores with her parents who had died and left her nearly destitute. She had never heard anything of the doctrines of what is called Spiritualism, in her life. She had obtained a situation in one of the Departments at Washington, where she received a moderate salary, and, at the current exorbitancies of that delectable abode, kept the life between her teeth by eking out the salary with her own little pittance.

She had previously lived in a poorer quarter of the city, in such a room as her means allowed;—but, one day, Julia's companions noticed her turning her steps towards a more aristocratic direction and entering a dwelling that bore the appearance of a fine old mansion-house. Such a home they knew was entirely beyond her means, as it would have been beyond their own,—and their curiosity was finally rewarded by the confession that she obtained her present room at a much less price than she had paid for the former one, because, as the landlady of the boarding-house, into which the old mansion had been converted, assured her, a lodger had never been able to be retained in that room beyond the third night.

Julia's nerves were not disordered; she had engaged the room, paid her month's board in advance, deposited her moveables there, and made herself at home. This occasioned her more exertion than she usually made, and she slept soundly that night and only awoke with the alarum of the breakfast-gong bursting about her. The next night, too, she slumbered well, having a confused recollection of some noise or blow in her dream, but forgetting all about it in the bright bevy of sunbeams that filled the room as she opened her eyes.

The boarders looked at her, as she descended, calm, composed and refreshed, and then at each other, and wondered. The third morning she looked at them and wondered she had been disturbed at about midnight, out of the first deep dream, by footsteps going slowly by her door, slowly ascending the next staircase, and entering the room above; something had been violently dragged across the floor overhead, shoving up against the wall with a thump that shook the house; there had been a brief stillness; and then a heavy fall. Blank silence after that. Julia found herself shaking and shuddering in the warm bed, she knew not why. But revolving it in her mind she reached the conclusion that one of the boarders had been out somewhat too late, and that it was none of her affair, and repeated a page of Pollok's Course of Time, and fell asleep.

In the morning she glanced up and down the table, to discover, with an idle inquisitiveness for which she afterwards blamed herself, the receiver of the previous night's mishaps, if he were identifiable,—and found gradually that every eye had been measuring herself with something of the same interest. Even the landlady asked if she had rested pleasantly, and further hazarded the remark that she must be a sound sleeper at all times; to which Julia, thanking a healthy digestion, answered that she was.

Startled the next night at about the same time, Julia was surprised to hear a repetition of precisely the same occurrence as on the previous night, in the room over her own. It took two pages of Pollok, some paragraphs of the Night-Thoughts, and a part of the multiplication-table, before she lost consciousness in the sweet clouds of sleep; she was so cold too that she had gotten up and lit the gas, and walked swiftly up and down the room to put herself into a glow; when she awoke in the morning, there was the little blue jet shining like a spectre itself in the busy healthy sunshine.

"It is no wonder I dream so, with the gas burning over me all night long," thought Julia, shutting it off with a snap and throwing open a window. "How I hate the smell of it! brimstone stuff,—it betrays where it came from!"

But, when every night for three weeks she was startled at midnight by the footsteps stealing by her door, ascending the staircase, and sounding above; by the violent dragging of something across the floor overhead shoving up against the wall with a thump that shook the house; brief stillness; a heavy fall; and then the blank silence in which she shivered and the perspiration sprung out upon her forehead; after three weeks of this living nightmare, she plainly saw that if ever any house was haunted this was the one, and understood why the landlady had never been able to retain a lodger in that room beyond the third night, except herself, who had now reached the third week. She imagined, as was indeed the case, that these sounds were inaudible in any other room than hers. Nevertheless, she was not a coward in any sense;—if one could but revisit this scene of sorrow she would have welcomed him as a messenger confirming the news she most wished to hear; the only fear she had was that quaking of the flesh, under some malign antipathy, which passed with the occasion; the room was large, airy, sunny, cheerful, cheap,—she resolved to abandon it to no ghost whatever; and after breakfast, one morning, when nobody was near, mounted herself the staircase next above, meaning to enter the room overhead and investigate matters.

To her surprise, there was no room there, it was a wide and ample attic, clean-swept and bare, without a single article of furniture, trunk, chest, chair, or so much as the splinter of a broken board. There was, in fact, nothing in it to be seen except some cobwebs woven round the fragment of a large rusty nail that had once been bent and broken in the beam. What was it, then, that she heard dragged across the floor so noisily each night, and striking the wall that vibrated down to the head-board of her own bed?

That evening Julia procured candle and candlestick, and, with a chair and a light stand, crept up-stairs, and seated herself directly over her own room, sewing quietly as she could (for inner throbs and plunges are not entirely at the control of the will) by the light of her taper, till the clocks had tolled out twelve in all their various voices on the night, and even till one hasty little fellow had been so audacious as to contradict their decree by pronouncing it one, "two or three times."

"Late to-night," said Julia. Her heart sank, but her will remained the same. And just then the steps were heard tiptoeing along the passage, stealing up the stairway. Julia looked, and looked, with starting eyes; whatever it was, it was on the same floor with herself, now; but she saw nothing at all. Yet the footfalls came hesitatingly by her, paused a moment, grew resolute, and then the noise of the dragging of the heavy chest suddenly came, but ceased as abruptly in the midst. Julia was brave; her heart shook, it is true; her needle pricked her finger, and drew the blood; but she was determined; and, though bathed in chill, waited with the breath on her lips. Then there came a long faint sigh, she felt it like a cold wind on her lips, the flame of her candle bent and wavered and went out, the footsteps passed her and stole down, down the staircase, and along the passage, and were lost. Julia did not wait for that, though; she left light-stand, and chair, and work where they were, and with hardly more than a bound reached her own room, entered it and shut and double-locked the door. She had hardly done so when it seemed to her as if she heard that long faint sigh again, so long, so faint, so weary, that it filled her heart with pity.

Could the disembodied, when only here on earth, suffer so? Yet could she pity anything that did not suffer? She was a charitable large-souled woman,—there was room in her heart, it seemed, even for the sorrows of a ghost. She took a soothing-draught presently, dreamed of the sigh all night, and thought of it all day. When she came home that afternoon, she went into the landlady's little sitting-room and related what had happened to her.

"Well," said the landlady, folding up her work, "I am sorry. I suppose you will leave us now."

"No," said Julia. "I shall stay. At least for the present. But if you know any more about these things than I do, I wish you would enlighten me."

So the landlady told her that, owing to such

occurrences, the house had fallen from its old grandeur, unable to keep any tenant but such as herself; yet that fifty years ago it was the family-residence of a wealthy gentleman of ancient name, and its honors were done by his daughter, a beautiful proud-spirited girl, too haughty to walk the common streets or to acknowledge herself made of common clay,—a passionate and glorious creature, a blossom like some splendid cactus flower, set in spines and thorns, but opening with a lavish crimson of heart's blood, and rich in pulpy fruit. Proud of her beauty, her dignity, her grace, her father watched and worshipped her. She, too, adored him, after her own fashion. To the rest of the world she seemed to award little notice further than scorn. She had her lovers, and laughed at them; others she withered for their daring, in her pride; her day was yet to come. One morning she was a member of some party that went to hear the music at a Catholic Chapel, music that had promised to be fine. As she sat in one of the stalls, and the priest came up the aisle lightly scattering the holy water to right and left, like the dews of grace descending from heaven on the congregation, she half turned her face and looked up, and her eyes met the eyes of the priest and remained fastened there. He, too, as if by some electric thrill, had paused one fraction of an instant, then torn his eyes away from the glowing gorgeous forgetful beauty under them, and had gone upon his way. It was a face that might have fastened other eyes than hers—the young priest's,—a clear dark Spanish face tinted in palest olive, full-lipped in curves of carmine, made to kiss—on the profile that first slight hint of the aquiline, hardly guessed, but inexpressibly delightful of outline, and under black but delicate brows,—and long black childlike lashes, large grey eyes limpid and full of lustre and sweetness—over all a melancholy cast that fixed the fancy. A face of rarest beauty, yet enthralling power. Such an one might gaze at you from a picture and keep you spell-bound. But gazing, in the life, at a heart-free girl—proud as she was, she was made of flesh and blood.

The music went soaring and swelling on that day, carrying its ravishing melody and praise to the very gates of heaven. She heard it but did not heed it. It was a Mass of Mozart's. Its warm delicious tones melted into her mood and hung about her like a happy cloud. Further than to feel that, she did not follow the threaded harmonies nor note the base and groundwork that the braided voices gave to the silver clarion—calls of the sopranos. She was conscious only of the priest's face, the beautiful pale melancholy face, flashing like a light through all the service. The eyes, those luminous wells, did not seek her own again, perhaps he was doing penance that they had met even once. As it was, that once was once too often. His voice trembled in his chant, his heart beat so that the shadow of the adornment of his chasuble beat time to it, a desecration on the sacred chancel—wall. Perhaps when he was by himself that night stripes beat the same time to another measure.

She went to the place again; the music there was celebrated. He, too, was known; there was a fervor and a spirit in his eloquence that had won many to his cross; crowds followed him and hung rapt upon his tones, perhaps his slightly foreign accent gave them a fragment of their charm, perhaps his young beauty, shining like a lamp, added a power to his periods with which no other element could have endowed them. He was thought to be ascetic too, his severe and lofty purity wrapped him like a shield, they said, from this world's temptations; his superiors treasured him and expected great fulfilments from his promise; the crosier of an archbishop might yet be borne before him here on earth, as palms might be in heaven. That he was ambitious of the dignities and honors of his church could not be doubted, but there was an emotional nature in his preaching of the faith he followed, far more potent than any determined scheme or will; he received the Divine favor in a living flood, and he carried all before him, because he felt this flood and poured it freely.

So, as it has been said, she went to the place again. Again, and yet again, and save for a servant all alone. Perhaps the music, the ceremony, enchained her, the odor of fresh flowers heaped there by devotees,—perhaps the preaching moved her,—perhaps she mistook her heart's need for her soul's,—who can say? One night, the throng separating, some in tears of repentance and endeavor, and some in smiles of rest and joy, she lingered;—he had gone down from the pulpit and was behind the confessional; and when one absolved sinner came away she knelt in the same place. What was she kneeling there for? "My father, I have need of grace!" she said. Divine, or human? The voice startled him, though never before had he heard it. He looked up and again their eyes met. As for the rest,—neither fasting, nor penance, nor prayer, had conquered nature; for all he was a priest, he was a man as well. And for her, she had never been a priest; and a woman has but a woman's feeble strength. He had asked himself, why he had been so much more interested in the welfare of this beautiful sinner than in that of the humble homely body whose place she took; but he refused the answer even to his heart. Chance and circumstance conspired against him too. After that he met her everywhere; moved from her own orbit into doing good to them that suffered, as he gave peace to some passing spirit, he saw her on the other side smoothing the pillow of the penitent. Then at a friend's house in a morning call he found her; and at last, with social exigencies, he was beneath her father's roof. Once there, a lodestone drew him; he went again. Here was a soul, he said, to save. One, the sole heir to such wealth as she was destined to be, what a boon to the church. Powerful in name and in influence, how many might follow in her train. It was a choice place to go,—that old family-mansion, full of the sense of wealth and ease and the pleasant things of life,—if he did penance on cold stones after each visit, it did not hinder his coming there next day. He expounded to her the articles of his creed; they read together; they looked together at the costly and wonderful prints of the portfolios; she sang, and he taught her the modulation of the music that he knew and loved; she listened, and he told her stories of his Spanish boyhood among the olive-groves on a mountain side in the shadow of the monastery; his conscience stung him with knowledge of the dangerous charm,—but yet, it was innocent and happy work, he said; he was winning a soul to holy church, others were always with them or about them;—some day the serge for that sweet brow, for even the convent grate could not shut him out, then and forever, from his devotee. As for himself, he was fenced about with a panoply of proof. As for her,—well, what lover ever thought of that?

He had brought her, one evening, a little gift, a trifle designed to remind her of his faith and its ceremonies every day. It was a rosary of mother-of-pearl, carved with most exquisite corrugation, one of those that years and years ago Pietro della Valle carried to Palestine that he might touch with them the relics o St. Catharine,—it had wandered down into the young priest's possession at last, and for him the Holy Father at Rome himself had blessed it. He gave it now to her. He had not entered to remain; she had gone to him,—and standing in the alcove of a window for a moment, while the room hummed with low sweet voices, laughter, and music, behind them, he had placed this in her hand. Some one in passing had brushed the heavy curtain; it swung, and loosened, and on one side, on his, partly fell. She stood, holding the rosary up to the broad moonlight that swam in and filled the alcove with a glory of its own;—"Pietro della Valle, Palestine, St. Catharine, Rome,"—the words all passed idly through her mind; she watches the pure and perfect color in the roughened beads, the bubble of rosy flame in one, the sparkle neither emerald nor azure in another, the opaline loveliness in a third, while the crucifix seemed to wear an auriole of pure white light;—she bent her head back, looking up at him with a face where the moonbeams' silver sifted over the rich bloom and beauty, "I shall pray with it for you!" she said. His hand clasped over hers as she held it. With that crucifix between their fingers, how could their hearts be anything but holy? For him! he gazed at her as she spoke, gazing up at him, the melting eyes, the red red lips. For him! a moment more, and he had bent and sealed those lips with the first love-kiss they had ever known,—the first,—but not the last.

He was a priest, the story-teller said; nothing but Death could divorce him from the bride already wedded. Nothing but Death; and he was alive,—alive, young, strong, and glad with love's first passion. If he had put the earth between them. But he did not.—And "the rest is silence."

One dreary day, when remorse and fear had, like two wolf-hounds planting their fangs in the throat, gotten deadly hold of him, and he had sworn to see her no more,—she went up the broad oaken staircase, so polished she could see her weary face in every step, her weary beautiful face, still with its rich color, with its lovely contour, with its dark eyes glowing as the light glows on the dark velvety petals of some flower. She wanted to be alone; there was some one in her room; she passed it stealthily and went up into that place of the garret. There was nothing but shame before her She wrung her hands in an agony;—she who had been so haughty and so fiery in her presumption, she who was still so proud. How could she meet her father's eye and live, how could she wrong his tender love and faith in her enough to dare to live? How could she receive the scorn that once meted out by her

now should be meted back to her in full,—how face the bitter jeering world,—how linger when her lover had forsaken her? There was nothing but shame before her,—and at the end, death. Why not death at the beginning?

Swift thinking. The great nail in the beam caught her eye—she felt a flash of joy, perhaps, as if she saw escape; she stood on tiptoe and tried the nail, if springing it backward or forward she could loosen it; then the old chest dragged by her little arm from its place; her belt in a running knot,—and then for the first time that heavy fall that every night, save one, for fifty years had been repeated with a dull dead thud.

So the landlady finished what she had to say, and rose to unlock her tea-caddy. Julia drank her tea thoughtfully that evening, and when she went up-stairs, arranged her drop-light, placed the armchair beside the table empty, took another chair herself, and went to sewing.

She sewed late: it was nearly time for the footsteps; she listened and listened; there they were. Julia opened her door, looked out and said, though in tremulous tones enough, "If there is any one here in trouble, or needing any help that I can give, they are welcome to come in."

The footsteps paused, neither passed on, nor retired, nor did they enter the room. Julia had no company that night, and closed her door at last and went to bed, nor was she awakened by the dragging of the chest or the heavy fall above.

The next night Julia set her door open, lighted her drop-light, drew up the empty armchair, and placed herself at her work again. She was waiting for the footsteps, but it would be long before they would be due. While she sewed, there was a sound just outside the door, a long, low weary sigh. "Come in!" cried Julia starting to her feet. "Do come in!"

It came in, or so at least Julia thought, for there were slow footfalls on the carpet; she could see nothing at all of any one, but, without seeing, she was confident, as one often is through some inappreciable sense that there was another person than herself there with her in the room. A peculiar fear overcame her again, the same shaking shuddering chill that she had briefly experienced every night for three weeks and that she had begun to fear would work some injurious impression on her health; but her mind was not afraid; it staied firm, though her hands grew icy and she could hardly meet her dry lips across her teeth. "Take the armchair," she contrived to say, sitting down again herself. She fancied that her guest had done as she desired,—but suddenly, in order to make sure, she rose, laid aside her work, and resolutely went and seated herself in the arm-chair; there was a slight obstacle under her, an elastic resistance,—not but what she sat down in the chair, but it seemed as though there were a layer of some other substance, some airy impalpability, between her and the wicker-work. She went back to her own seat, and took up her needle again.

"Perhaps you would like to have me read to you?" she asked, in a little while. No sound replied to her, yet she felt convinced that she had been answered and affirmatively,—perhaps on the old principle of silence giving assent. She read a Psalm, some scattered verses of comfort selected here and there, for she was feeling her way for a hymn. In old times, a holy name, the touch of the Bible made one master of such moments. This could be no entirely evil spirit since even by all this it remained unexorcised, for forth from the arm-chair in the succeeding silence stole the long low weary sigh. "I shall set this chair for you every night, if you would like to occupy it," said Julia then, and the footsteps fell softly over the carpet and stole out into the passage once again.

Every evening after this, Julia's door was open and her arm-chair empty for the ghostly guest; every evening the footsteps came up the passage and waited, were invited in and entered. Sometimes Julia read to her, sometimes sung the sweet old Methodist hymns she held in store, sometimes talked, kind pleasant talk as one woman might to another who was ill and forbidden by the physicians to speak; sometimes it seemed to her as if one answered her, but yet she knew she had not heard a sound. Once having provided herself with matches, in case panic overtook her, she fixed her eyes on the arm-chair, and suddenly turned off the gas. It seemed to her, during the ensuing moment, that some faintly luminous object in a woman's likeness met her glance, but whether it was so, or whether it was the dazzle of the late light in her eyes or the effect of an over-excited imagination, she dared not say.

Half doubting her sanity, at this time, Julia went one day to a physician and asked him to discover if there were anything abnormal in her condition; but after he had questioned her, felt her even pulse, seen her steady eye, and tested the sound and not uncommon quality of her brain, he asked her for what she came to him, and pronounced the only difference between her and other women to be that now-a-days they were made of diseased nerves, while she appeared not to have a nerve in her body. "On the contrary," said Julia "my nerves are steel." Then she told him the recent incidents in her experience, upon which he laughed and said he had been mistaken—she was like all the rest of them only with the sorest nerves of all, and gave her a sedative; which however she never took until after her spiritual companion, if such it was, had departed.

One night Julia said to her ghost, "I think I know your story,—it is, this." And delicately as she might, she hinted at its heads. Swift piercing sighs replied to her, and sounds like heart-broken sobbing. Said Julia then, "It seems an offence, to me, outweighed by such a punishment as yours. To come back every night for fifty years, every night to feel the old wretchedness, the doubt, the despair, the agony of determination, every night to taste of death anew,—I do not believe there is any power of Heaven, if indeed there be any power of evil that can compel you to it. You do it of your own free will, dwelling on your old pain, hoping to expiate your errors. Leave them all, and go up higher."

"There is no other place for me to go," said a voice that made Julia's heart stand still with sharp surprise and awe.

"Have you tried?" asked Julia in reply. "That you sinned,—we know. But we are all sinners. Who that looks at perfect whiteness can call himself clean? If your sin shuts you out from the presence of God, then indeed it, were the darkest dye of sin. But as the sunshine penetrates everywhere on earth, so does the sunshine of God's love, I am sure, to lighten all sad spots. And as for you, if you lived your life again you would be innocent, I think." She paused.

"I do not know! O me, I do not know!" the sighing seemed to sob.

"You are more humble than you were," said Julia. "You no longer trust yourself as once, you see. Repentance, I have thought sometimes transfigures vice and turns it into virtue."

"I do not repent," said the spirit. "I never have repented."

"You hug your wrong-doing?" asked Julia in an amaze. "No wonder then that for fifty years you endure its penalty over and over again. You must repent!"

"Did I do wrong?" the spirit sighed. "O me, I do not know?"

"See, You loved him. Your love, I know, was but the offshoot of your nature. Rest and union, the sacred mingling of two lives and souls which marriage makes, was denied you. And though the greater sin may have been in the power that bound your lover to a single life, that destroyed his manhood in his priesthood, that defied the eternal laws, defied God,—nevertheless you also broke law, and in your own little being defied these things as well. Think what God is to his universe, its Maker, its upholder, its warmth, its light, its life,—think what that universe would be, banished from his presence. Think then of his glory, his purity, and what sympathy might be between such spotlessness and any soil or stain. Think then of your own soil and stain, and see yourself separated from him, shut away by sin. Ah, there is the true misery! You took your life, too; destroyed what was not yours but what Heaven had lent you. Should the account of all those years you might have lived be demanded, what have you to render? You cannot give back the simple sum of them, for you annihilated them and so defrauded Heaven. And of how much besides?—But there is no sinner who, bowed in repentance, cannot catch heaven's light on his head till it changes him to something white and pure and pleasant in his Maker's eyes. You cannot but repent what severs you from the divine companionship. You cannot but repent if your deeds make one unlovely object in the whole universe for the great good God to look upon,—he has done so much to fill his world with beauty! Do not doubt but that when you seek pardon, though, it is already yours. Look at your guilt, after all, as being enormous as you will, you must not forget," continued Julia, "that the forgiveness of Heaven is vaster yet. I often question if there is any wrong so great but that the greater mercy could not cover it; so black but it could blot it out. Is not your sin then like a mote swimming in a whole sky full of light, and lost in it? Repent and be forgiven, and so rest, troubled soul!"

During all these days, Julia, convinced of some great work in hand, and rapt in it, thinking over words and counsels for the evening, went about her daily tasks like some one in a dream. She was only awake and alive, it seemed, when those footsteps fell upon her floor. She felt that she was helping a per-

turbed spirit into peace, peace that it might have found long ago, could it have met with any one bold enough to help it, self-condemned to re-enact its crime every night for half a century. So she went on, reading, talking, singing, giving companionship, to the phantom of the unknown lady, as she still believes. One night at last, as she sat there waiting for her, when some three months had passed, at their usual time the footsteps came again, came up to the table and paused.

The gas was burning brightly; Julia looked up alert as ever now. And something stood before her. A girl clad in garments of a fashion laid away for fifty years—a shape half hesitating whether to be a shape or not. It was like a remembered picture—a brilliant brocade of bloomy peach-color, cut on the bosom low and square over a creamy skin—a mantle of black lace caught on the comb behind, resting on the round and taper arms in front, and falling like dust over the jetty polish of the braids—these things were vacillating, wavering, undecided, but half divined; over them all there seemed to be a blemish, an ash, a smirch of grave soil, from which one turned the glance away. But the face, robbed of color, and white with shining eyes, yet all suffused in a smile of peace and light, was distinct and vivid as a star—like life itself, but more beautiful than any vision of life,—if a star had opened in the deeps of heaven, and a face gazed from it, it might have looked like that. One other thing Julia was sure she saw—a string of beads, a rosary, glimmering moonily in blurs and freckles of phantom color till they took a body of tint, and the globules of rich light were forgotten in the lucid splendor of a crucifix.

"Good-bye," said the voice, or the sweet suspicion of a voice, that she had learned to know. "I am going now. You have shown me the way. I shall return no more. Up a little way, a little way at a time—but no longer in despair. I see the light; I am making for it. Good-bye, kind friend, good angels walk on either side your way!" There came a soft cool breath along her cheek, and then the doubtful gleam of peach-bloom color wholly vanished, the face trembled and faded, and all was as before.

Three years have passed since then. Julia still sits in that same room of evenings; but for any ghostly society she sits alone. The sighing spirit never has come back;—the footsteps have ceased to pass along the passage and up the stairs; the heavy fall has never once been heard; there is nothing but a legend left to haunt the house. Laid as ghost never yet was laid—by love and care—the phantom of the place has vanished and left peace behind her.

That is the story as it was told to me. For myself, I said once before that I did not believe a word of it.

General Lee, Mr. Edward A. Pollard, and various other confederare celebrities are engaged in writing a history of the late rebellion. Their object, of course, is to show that the South was victorious. Now we beg to suggest to these gentlemen that they may as well save themselves any such task. Mr. Wendell Phillips has taken their cause in hand, and if the South really was victorious—as he contends—his arguments in the case will carry much greater weight than theirs, since he has never been accused of Southern proclivities.

For the Saturday Press.)

BIG AND LITTLE—GREAT AND SMALL.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

I remember standing at my mother's knee, and repeating: "How big was Alexander, ma, that people call him great? Was he like some old giant tall, with spear a hundred-weight?" I have sometimes thought that this physical largeness which crowds the romantic chronicles must be the world's reminiscence of an age of actual gianthood when fighters did really fling the big stones which were legendary even in the days of Homer, and after the battle, innocent of dietary philosophy, did literally devour the huge meals which make fragrant the pages of Rabelais. When we see what with assiduous practice we can now do, flourishing carelessly about the biggest dumb bells of Dr. Lewis, we cannot help sighing to think how with the pastoral simplicity of Abel we have lost the sinewy strength of Cain. Civilized warfare, if I may be allowed the phrase, only tends to make men short, as was found to be actually the case after the Napoleonic slaughters, the average height of French manhood having visibly decreased. Without the aid of epidemic and chronic indigestion, it is enough to make one sick to think what pigmies we are, and how, for most of us, despite a million of medicines, life is one long illness, the less tolerable because we can not go to bed, and receive our sympathy, like our physic, regularly. It is only the dwarf now who is symmetrical; and I declare that I believe that we all rushed to see Tom Thumb married, because we had a lurking consciousness that he was of the true, normal breed, and the fittest physical type of modern manhood. The giant of the caravan is a loosely-jointed, shambling and weak-kneed monster, crawling about as if he had been racked for his religion. What is he to the vast, not-to-be-measured-by-the-tape-of-tailor's creature which indomitable little Jack went up the bean-stalk to disembowel, and to which the fancy of infancy lent an incomputable magnitude? We have shrunk into a kind of mediocrity. We are neither very good nor very bad, we are neither very tall nor very short, very strong nor very weak. We strut enough, God knows, we poor bantams, but when we are measured, we are found wanting, like Louis XIV. who always passed for a tall man, and turned out, when he rose from the dead during the pillage and desecration of the Revolution, to have been a short one.

What is merely numerical is never sublime. The great art of employing the gigantic in literature is a suggestive one, and of this Milton was a master. The moment you begin to describe by feet and inches, you belittle your subject, and do no more than draw the improbable and the unaccustomed—and it is in this vulgar and unsatisfactory groove that a great deal of American humor runs. We are foolishly afraid to leave anything to the imagination. Somebody has said that a man is not necessarily a great painter, because he spoils a large canvas. Milton does not give us the height, breadth and weight of the Holy Spirit.

> —— "Thou from the first
> Was present, and with mighty wings outspread
> Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
> And mad'st it pregnant."

This is not a poulterer's description. It is not at all like the Angel of the Cocks, in the Paradise of Mohammed, "his feet standing upon the first heaven, his head reaching up to the second, which at the ordinary rate of travelling upon earth, was at a distance of five hundred days' journey." This wonderful rooster is no more to the imagination than a veritable, terrestrial shanghai, dominating in a barn-yard harem of hens. So his crow, which is "heard by all creatures," and especially by all cocks upon earth, to whom he gives the signal at sun-rise, really suggests no more than the "salutation of the morn," which awakes us, and bids us get up every day of our lives; and although we are further told that "when God sings a hymn this cock joins in it," there is no terrestrial conjunction of tenor and soprano more material to our minds than this singular heavenly duo.

To return to Milton. When he describes the extraordinary accident which happened to the Devil when he fell from Paradise, he does not heap up particulars, like a newspaper reporter delineating in pure reporter's English, a railway collision. That the unfortunate and misguided gentleman fell a great way, and hurt himself not a little is an established fact in history. Now see into what a depth Milton makes him tumble!

> —— 'Him, the Almighty Power
> Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
> With hideous ruin and combustion down
> To bottomless perdition."

What a fall was there! There are no figures, no distances, no impertinent and disillusive mensurations, like those which our friends, the reporters aforesaid, give us, when some faded roysterer, in an access of delirium tremens, leaps from the fifth story window of a Broadway hotel! Yet the tumble is unmistakable, and one from which, if we are to credit the theologians, His Satanic Highness has not to this day recovered.

Rabelais, sometimes, by a single fine touch, accomplishes wonders in the way of suggestion. The infant Hercules strangling serpents in his cradle is quite outdone by Pantagruel, who must have been the biggest of babies when he emancipated himself after the following remarkable fashion: "The physician of Gargantua said that if they did not thus keep Pantagruel in his cradle, he would all his lifetime be liable to the stone. When he was unchained, they made him sit down, where, after he had fed very well, he took his cradle, and broke it into more than five hundred thousand pieces with one blow of his fist, that he struck in the midst of it, swearing that he would never come into it again." Yet even this fine description is not free from a tendency which Rabelais constantly exhibits to take refuge in figures, which at the best are but shadowy, clumsy, and ineffective. Thus in the account of Grangousier's supper to welcome Gargantua, to suggest profusion, he can do no more than catalogue a monstrous bill of fare: "Three heifers, two-and-thirty calves, three score and three fat kids, four score and fifteen wethers, three hundred barrow pigs soused in sweet wine or musk, eleven score of partridges, seven hundred snipes and woodcocks, four hundred capons, six thousand pullets, &c., &c." These mere figures are utterly valueless, and only serve to confuse the imagination. The hackneyed metaphor of "groaning board" is vastly more effective.

No English writer manipulates proportions with the skill of Swift, and he does it by an uncommon variety of careless hints, and by an atmosphere of suggestion which pervades the whole satire. The reader always thinks of Capt. Gulliver in Lilliput as large, and in Brobdignag as a dwarf. This diverse impression never leaves us, and is never disturbed by any inconsistency nor inaccuracy. It having once for all been settled that the natives shall be small or large, we take it for granted, and go in with the story without any doubt or difficulty. The wonder is that the central figure should so shrink or stretch according to the locality. The very animals serve to keep up the illusion, and the mind is left at its ease to comprehend the most frightful satire upon humanity, in any literature ancient or modern.

Physiologists tell us that as we grow older and older, we settle little by little, so that the octogenarian is perceptibly shorter than he was at forty. In good time the biggest of us will be only a handful of dust, and bravely as we may exalt ourselves, the humiliation of decay certainly awaits us. If you go into a church-yard, you see long graves and short ones. But the tenants differ only by a few ounces more or less. This must be our consolation to those who lament the niggardliness of nature in making them low, or in making them light. The little wife and the long husband come at last to a well-balanced equality, and short folk will cut as good a figure as long folk in the Elysian fields. Our Earth, after all, is but a speck in immensity, and what signifies an inch or two of stature or of girth, when all is so insignificant?

(*From the London Saturday Review, Oct. 21.*)

SPIRITUALISM.

We heard lately with considerable satisfaction that a so-called Spiritualist was convicted by an American court of law for juggling without a license, and was sentenced to pay a fine. The editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, which appears to be the American organ of the sect of Spiritualists, would doubtless console his readers under the affliction of perusing his report of this adverse decision by reminding them that "so they persecuted the prophets which were before them." It is almost needless to state that the Spiritualist journal is published in Boston, but, although New England is fertile in new-fangled doctrines, we are glad to find that the old Puritanic feeling prevails in undiminished force in the neighborhood. We read in the BANNER OF LIGHT that "a zealous advocate of the Gospel of Christ" (who perhaps might be called, in profane language, a chip of the old block) recommended that a medium, whom he chose to call a witch, should be "well flogged with green withes;" and we cannot help thinking that if the proposed subject of flagellation could be made a "medium" for conveying stripes to the backs of leading spiritualists, the advice of the Puritanic elder might have excellent practical effect. However, it is something to obtain a judicial decision that the apostles of this new creed are to be taxed as jugglers unless they can prove to the satisfaction of a jury that they are something more. If the spirits which, according to the BANNER OF LIGHT have howled and screeched in churches will only come into a court of law and repeat the same performance in the presence of a judge who possesses power to commit to prison the bodies of disturbers, we venture to predict that the pretensions of spiritualism will very soon be settled. Or, again, if the judge who imposed the fine had been promptly and unmistakably summoned by his own dinner-table to appear before an invisible court of appeal and answer for his impious decision, there might have been many converts to the new belief. But the only consequence of the adverse judgment has been a subscription among spiritualists to pay the fine, and neither judge nor revenue-officer has been disturbed in his duties by the terrors of the unseen world. We should infer, from a perusal of the advertisements in the BANNER, that the business of "medium" is much and profitably pursued; and without desiring to have recourse to the extreme measures of the early Puritans, we should hope that the modern revenue-officers will be vigilant and severe, so that if pretenders are not flogged they may at least be taxed.

We must leave spiritualists to explain the connection which undoubtedly exists between their doctrine and Bloomerism. The only remark which occurs to us upon the subject is that in America the legs of tables have been seen by travellers encased in filled trousers. But the connection undoubtedly exists; and when we read that at a Grove meeting at Belvidere, Boone County, Illinois, Mr. Wadsworth lectured on the "Relation of the Infinite to the Finite," we almost expect to find that the real subject of the discourse was the relation of modern petticoats to old-fashioned leather breeches. So, when "Mrs. Dr. Stillman" advocated "living out beliefs," we conjecture that she meant to recommend wearing trousers; although, when the same fair professor exhorted her hearers "to live up to the law of magnetic relations," we cannot venture to guess what she intended, unless it was the same law which was neatly expressed by the next speaker in the formula—"Do just as you please; take everything calm and easy." We regret to say that the proceedings at the Grove meeting are inadequately reported from the memory of one who was present, but did not take notes; and thus it happened that, when Mr. Wadsworth gave "another of his deeply logical discourses" in the evening, the logic unfortunately failed to reach the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, which reports this meeting somewhat in the style of our own newspapers when they dispose of abstruse discussions in Westminster Hall by the statement that "a long technical argument here occurred." It appears that the logic of Mr. Wadsworth was too deep, not only for the reporter, but for Mrs. Bullene, who ranks along with Mr. Wadsworth in the spiritualist hierarchy as a "regular speaker;" for at the close of the lecture "Mrs. Bullene became entranced, and gave utterance to a sweetly-thrilling spirit song." We read that, at the morning meeting, "Mrs. Potts, M.D." stated that "she too was on the physical plane," and it occurs to us that possibly this may be Mrs. Potts' refined manner of saying that she was "all there." Adopting the same method of explanation, we venture to suggest that the statement that "Mrs. Bullene became entranced," means that that gifted female went to sleep. As for the "sweetly-thrilling spirit song," the place and time would seem congenial for words like these:—

> Meet me by moonlight alone,
> In the grove at the end of the dale;
> But be sure that you don't come alone,
> Bring a pot of the best double ale.

The old beliefs have one after another been torn away, and speakers at the Grove meeting, after trying a Baptist Association and other things in former years, have settled down into the comfortable conclusion that "God placed us here to enjoy ourselves." Mrs. Bullene, when not entranced, is capable of preaching "the Gospel of Beauty," to the considerable astonishment of outside listeners. There is beauty of nature in the country, to which Mrs. Bullene did justice, but, as compared with the town, it wants "beauty of form and quickness of intellect." It seems that the old saying, that God made the country and man made the town, is exactly opposite to the new Gospel. People in the country become absorbed in toil, and take no time for the cultivation of the beautiful. Mothers are so exhausted with labor that in sleep they cannot receive new and beautiful ideas. The physical absorbs all for its refreshment, and "so there is not that softness and roundness of muscle which our ideal of beauty demands." It is possible that Mrs. Bullene has not met with the writings of that French philosopher who maintains that any woman may be made fat by feeding; but when she does, we shall expect that his precepts will be incorporated with the Gospel of Beauty without delay. The children of farmers are "angular and unrefined," because their notions are uncultivated. They should be furnished with books and pictures, and be made to assemble daily in "the best room." There is no farmer in the land, says Mrs. Bullene, who may not invest something in the beautiful—which probably means that he can afford to buy furniture for the best room. We do not know whether farmers in Illinois at all resemble farmers in England in their taste in furniture; but if they do, we should calculate that the Gospel of Beauty would receive some remarkable developments in their best rooms. Turning from country to town, Mrs. Bullene exclaimed, "Go on with your missions, physiologists, condemners of fashions"—intending, we believe, to address these preachers of the new Gospel who advocate trousers and condemn tight-lacing. A speaker at another meeting expressed his belief that fashion-plates, which make the waist smaller than the neck, "had slain more than the war." It is as difficult to see the connection between this topic and spiritualism as to understand why tobacco should become repulsive to Mr. Knowles, "after association with spirits in and out of the form;" but, if American women could be dissuaded by these preachers from tight-lacing, and American men from tobacco-chewing and its concomitants, we would allow that there is an element of good even in the degrading superstitution which is called spiritualism.

It seems that picnics and grove meetings are an important feature in the new cult. Near Jamesville, Wisconsin, "another temple was consecrated to the beautiful uses of intercommunion between spirit and mortal." At this meeting Mrs. Dr. Stillman, among others, "took the stand," and, being an advocate "theoretically and practically" of the dress-reform, a few moments were given to her favorite topic. As regards intercommunion between spirit and mortal, we cannot help

thinking that it must be rather imperfect upon the trousers question. In England, at all events, spirits are sometimes depicted without any legs upon which to wear trousers. Mrs. Brown propounded the novel theory that children who died young were to be pitied, for "they *should* remain here until they had learned their first lessons." Mrs. Brown, who knows more about these matters than we do, probably means that to children whose business in the only life to which they can look forward will consist in answering table-rappers, a knowledge of the alphabet would be highly useful. It has been said that those who die early are taken away from the evil to come, but that is an exploded notion of the Old World. This picnic and grove meeting was "a delightfully refreshing season to the soul," and it also included "music, dancing, singing and refreshment" (for the body). If Mrs. Bullene professes at such meetings to describe spirits which she can see among the audience, we have no doubt that she thinks she sees them. A number of imperfectly educated people get together in an excited state and talk a good deal of nonsense, and whether they call themselves spiritualists or anything else, the result is pretty much the same, and for the most part harmless. But a far more objectionable feature of the BANNER OF LIGHT is the intercourse which it professes to keep up with spirits, some of whom appear to be "on the staff" of the paper, while others act as occasional correspondents. Just as a constant reader writes to BELL'S LIFE to ask what jockey rode The Flying Dutchman in his match with Voltigeur, so the spiritual department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is requested to explain "the science of prophesy," or to discourse upon "the vicarious atonement." We gather from the answers to these inquiries that Christianity was very well in its day, but it is scarcely suitable to the wants of an enlightened country like America. The spirit of Dennis Casey, an Irishman who was killed fighting for the Union, assists to clear the mind of the Editor of the BANNER of various antique prejudices. There is no advantage in being Catholic or Protestant, for "it's all about the same thing in the spirit-world." The spirit pronounces his cousin John Casey to be a right kind of man. "He's not bound up in the faith; kind of free and aisy. He would sit down and play a game of cards, or take a bet, or a glass of whisky after he had been to church." As John Casey is advised to emigrate, we are left in doubt whether these qualifications are considered suitable for America or for heaven, or for both. When the spirit "gets along better, and knows more about this thing," it hopes to get a chance "from the old gentleman who has control here" to come that way again; so it would seem that in the unseen world there is a system like that of day-rules in the old debtors' prisons of England, which is administered by Charon or St. Peter, or whoever is the "old gentleman" to whom Dennis Casey playfully alludes. Another spirit announced itself to the editor as that of Dave Carney of the second Michigan, who got "located" on the banks of the Chickahominy. Dave Carney understands that some of the folk he has left behind are mighty afraid they shan't get the right ticket to come across with, and he proceeds to reassure them. "I didn't have any fear of the kind at all in going out. I thought God was a pretty good kind of a God; any way, he'd taken good care of me all my life." He guessed he should be pretty well off on the other side. Religion was bad truck any way, and wouldn't find sale in his market. When he got to the other side he said, "I guess I'm all right;" and he informs his friends that he is just as well off as he deserves to be. He advises his mother, who has been uneasy about his "unsanctimonious stopping-out," that she need not pray so loud to God "because he ain't deaf." Another spirit was that of Colonel William Torrey of the Seventh Georgia cavalry, a rebel. He had believed on earth that the South was oppressed, and had the right to take up arms against the North; but he confesses that, if he had had when living the knowledge he has acquired since death, he would have acted differently. He hopes to have a talk with his former companions-in-arms, and will show them some features of the rebellion which they have never seen. It certainly seems hard that when spiritualists are thus contributing to the restoration of the Union by producing from the unseen world testimony of the folly of rebellion, they should be treated as mere jugglers and compelled to take out licenses. But why was not the spirit of Colonel Torrey invoked before the judge who imposed the fine? It may be hoped that the President and his advisers will form a statesman-like estimate of a religion which is so conveniently applicable to politics.

On the whole, it would appear that the spirits which address the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT possess many of the characteristics of the occasional correspondents of our own TIMES. They adopt the language and ideas of people of average taste, intelligence, and education in their country, and they possess the convenient faculty of being convinced that the existing state of things is right. The sum total of the new Gospel seems to be that people should do as they like, and that women ought to have votes, and to wear trousers, and not to be tightly laced, nor to have maternity forced upon them. The last precept is one of many sayings in the columns of the BANNER which are too hard for us; but as the spirits predict that they will soon be able to deliver a lecture in the light, and without having to employ a medium, we shall be content to wait for further elucidation until that time arrives. In the mean while, the apostles of spiritualism are likely to be treated by the unbelieving world with disrespect, and to find mobs and policemen equally unsympathetic. But they have a consolation which some earlier apostles wanted—namely "a long list of subscribers" to their lectures. The ignorance of Europe leaves many of its people simple pagans, but the enlightenment of America has produced spiritualism, a more monstrous delusion than any that have prevailed in the Old World's darkest ages.

(From Ticknor and Field's new edition of Aldrich's Poems.)

THE LADY OF CASTELNOIRE.

A. D. 1700.

I.

Brétagne had not her peer. In the Provinces far or near
There were never such brown tresses, such a faultless hand:
She had youth, and she had gold, she had jewels all untold,
And many a lover bold wooed the Lady of the Land.

II.

But she, with queenliest grace, bent low her pallid face,
And "Woo me not, for Jesus' sake, fair gentlemen," she said.
If they woo'd, then—with a frown she would strike their passion down:
She might have wed a crown to the ringlets on her head.

III.

From the dizzy castle-tips, hour by hour she watched the ships,
Like sheeted phantoms coming and going evermore,
While the twilight settled down on the sleepy seaport town,
On the gables peaked and brown, that had sheltered kings of yore.

IV.

Dusky belts of cedar-wood partly clasped the widening flood;
Like a knot of daisies lay the hamlets on the hill;
In the hostelry below sparks of light would come and go,
And faint voices, strangely low, from the garrulous old mill.

V.

Here the land in grassy swells gently broke; there sunk in dells
With mosses green and purple, and prongs of rock and peat;
Here, in statue-like repose, an old wrinkled mountain rose,
With its hoary head in snows, and wild-roses at its feet.

VI.

And so oft she sat alone in the turret of gray stone,
And looked across the moorland, so woful, to the sea,
That there grew a village-cry, how her cheek did lose its dye,
As a ship, once, sailing by, faded on the sapphire lea.

VII.

Her few walks led all one way, and all ended at the gray
And ragged, jagged rocks that fringe the lonesome beach;
There she would stand, the Sweet! with the white surf at her feet,
While above her wheeled the fleet sparrow-hawk with startling screech.

VIII.

And she ever loved the sea,—God's half-uttered mystery,—
With its million lips of shells, its never-ceasing roar:
And 'twas well that, when she died, they made her a grave beside
The blue pulses of the tide, by the towers of Castelnoire.

IX.

Now, one chill November morn, many russet autumns gone,
A strange ship with folded wings lay dozing off the lea;
It had lain throughout the night with its wings of murky white
Folded, after weary flight,—the worn nursling of the sea.

X.

Crowds of peasants flocked the sands; there were tears and clasping hands;
And a sailor from the ship stalked through the kirkyard gate.
Then amid the grass that crept, fading, over her who slept,
How he hid his face and wept, crying, LATE, ALAS! TOO LATE!

XI.

And they called her cold. God knows.... Underneath the winter snows
The invisible hearts of flowers grew ripe for blossoming!
And the lives that look so cold, if their stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould, would seem full of love and spring.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

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GEORGE ARNOLD.

On another page will be found the last article ever written by our dear friend George Arnold. We copy it from the N. Y. Weekly Review, where it appeared a few weeks since as one of the charming series of papers which he contributed to that paper over his well-known signature of "McArone." It was written when the brilliant author was suffering from an illness which—as our readers are too well aware—terminated on Thursday last, fatally. It is far from being the cleverest or the wittiest of his productions; but read by the light of his situation at the time—his exhaustion of body, his lassitude of ésprit, and his all but weariness of life—it will long be cherished by those of us to whom he was so dear, and who knew so well the operations of his mind, with the most tender interest. We remember reading it when it was first published with a sadness which not even its exquisite wit and humor could subdue. Now, every line of it brings tears to our heart.

We knew George Arnold long and intimately. No friend on earth was ever more dear to us. He had more endearing and enduring qualities than any person we ever met. In all the vicissitudes of our little journal—so personal in its character and associations—he was with us heart and soul. He made no professions to anybody, but in the time of trial he was always at hand. Never have we known any one so generally loved and admired. The news of his death came to thousands as the one grief of their lives. For our own part, we have no heart to speak or to think of it. At some other time, when we can more fully realize the fact of our friend's loss, we may attempt some analysis of his life and character. At present, we can only extend our sympathy to his heart-broken family and friends, and bow with them in resignation to the Supreme Will.

We are requested to state that Mrs. Lesdernier is in town, and contemplates giving a new series of poetic and dramatic readings. Since she was last in New York, Mrs. Lesdernier has given several entertainments in London, where she is spoken of by the press in high terms.

A long "Birthday Feuilleton" from Figaro—who boasts that he, T. B. Aldrich, and the late E. G. P. Wilkins were all born on the 11th of November—is necessarily omitted for want of room.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL FEUILLETON.

Those prudent gentlemen who hold stock in the Academy of Music, and who always stay at home when an opera is repeated, when it rains, or when an election is going on, have had an easy time of it lately. The danger of getting wet on one or two evenings of last week—to say nothing of the first cause—combined with the prospect of being knocked on the head by a wild and unregistered Irishman on the off-nights, have combined effectually to keep them to their quarters. A good many vacant chairs have in consequence excited the cupidity of that class who pay to stand, but accept with cheerful composure any comfortable seat that may be vacant, and who demand of the rightful owner, should he make his appearance, if he have a check. When any one takes my seat, if he be reasonably good-looking, I prefer that he retain it to resorting to the terrible alternative of putting him out. The look of injured innocence with which an interloper regards you, is too overwhelming and crushing to be borne with complacency.

There was no great need to quarrel on this subject last Saturday when the

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

gave its first grand concert of the present season, inaugurating the twenty-fourth year of its existence. The sky wept piteously; the wind behaved shamefully; the fiddlers rosined their bows gloomily; the President and Secretary of the Society exchanged scowls wrathfully; the gas-man neglected to light up the extra lamps independently, and the only person who exhibited a thoughtlessness amounting to levity was the boy with the umbrellas. There were plenty of seats to be had. People of a lively and itinerant disposition wandered about the house trying the cushions for mere pastime—as if they intended to buy some. The gloom was "grand, epic, homicidal."

The result was in some degree attributable to the weather, but the society—it must be added—is not in a flourishing condition, and the old desire for membership seems to have abated. Good management will, it is to be hoped, restore it to the favor of the public. In the engagement of Mr. Carl Bergmann the directors have certainly taken a step in the right direction. Wielding a vigorous bâton, and with an intellect keenly alive to the vital influences of the day it will be strange if he does not benefit both the cause of art and of the treasury. It is possible that for some tastes he may lean a little too decisively to the music of the future, but for a year or two this can do no harm. His predecessors have lingered long enough over the past. Saturday's programme was as follows:

1. Symphony No. 4, op. 120 in D minor..R. Schumann.
2. Concerto in C for piano and orchestra.....Mozart.
   Mr. S. B. Mills
3. Poème Symphonique "Mazeppa"..... Liszt
4. Solos for Piano..... Mills.
   Mr. S. B. Mills.
5. Overture, Leonore No. 3 in C.....Beethoven.

Conductor..... Mr. Bergmann.

Two vocal pieces were announced for Herr Lotti, but the gentleman being indisposed, they were omitted. Rather than make an effort the Society always prefers to apologize. Mr. Bristow said something about the "last moment," and Herr Lotti was at once forgotten. The vocalists at these entertainments are rarely of a kind to produce pleasure or excite regret. The sister Society in Brooklyn manages these things better. It engages the very best singers, and pays them handsomely for their services. The plan might be adopted in New York with advantage.

Schumann's Symphony has been played repeatedly in this city. It was, if I am not mistaken, introduced to our public by Mr. Bergmann. At all events I have a very distinct remembrance of its being performed at Niblo's Saloon, many years since, under his direction. The work belongs to the latest period of the author's career, but it is nevertheless singularly clear. The harmonic tissue is elastic and pleasing. Strangely, too, there is a larger share of repose in this work than in its three predecessors,—strangely because that fatal unrest which in the bitter end possessed Schumann's mind, and clouded it forever, had already manifested itself when the score was written. The *romanza*, although by no means remarkable as a composition, is perfectly shapely, quiet, and appreciable. The close violin passages, by which it is arabesqued, are in the happiest vein; delicate yet firm, fantastic yet not grotesque. They were poorly played, the heavy atmosphere blurring the exact intonation of the instruments. The melody, however, was exquisitely delivered and preserved. It must have struck many listeners that this theme bears a marked resemblance to the well-known song called the "Pretty Girl Milking her Cow,"—now so liberally bestowed on the public by the street-organs.

The posthumous concerto by Mozart has been exhumed by Mr. Mills, who played the piano part with his usual excellence of judgment and skill. It is a charming work, rather long, perhaps, but graceful and courtly, and an excellent contrast to the rougher fibre of the symphony. Kalkbrenner has modernized many of the passages, and has introduced a cadenza in which he uses several of the subjects of the concerto in a skilful and brilliant way. It adds to the display of the piece, and is of course an acceptable boon to the performer. Mr. Mills played very finely, preserving throughout a quiet purity, yet largeness of tone, which the composer would have been happy indeed to have heard. This fine artist also played Chopin's Etude in C sharp minor, and his own Tarantelle. They have been given many times, and are now familiar expositions of fancy and brilliant technical skill. The Etude is exceedingly dreamy and fanciful.

Liszt's póëme symphonique "Mazeppa" occupied the place of honor in the second part; but the Philharmonic Society neglected to publish—in accordance with its usual custom—the poem by Victor Hugo, which precedes the score, and acts, indeed, as the programme to it. But it may be said, however, that the public has of late had its eye a good deal on Mazeppa, and has learnt much naked truth about that unfortunate hero. It is to the credit of the Abbé Liszt that he has seized this shivering creature and clothed him decently and warmly in radiant and dazzling garments. Of the many Mazeppa's recently brought before the public this is certainly the best. The story is musically told with directness and force. There is not much novelty in it, but the cruel fact of a man being bound to

a wild horse, and the happy circumstance, that panting and dying the courser finds his way to the dominions of that man's father, are vividly because dramatically presented. Much of the music is necessarily of the hurry kind. It depicts the flight of the steed, and is broken only by Mazeppa's utterances of despair; becoming weaker and weaker, and ending at length in a death-like swoon. The imaginative listener may perhaps detect what the composer has of course attempted to describe—the physical characteristics and dangers of the mad race; the crashing through the forest; the eager pursuit of the wolves; the hungry fluttering of the vultures. One effect is certainly produced and maintained with skill—the snorting of the horse, represented simply yet plainly by the cymbals. The symphony is played through without break, and ends with a clear and striking Tartar march. The strong rhythm of the latter is in happy contrast with the preceding portions, where the composer could not, without sacrificing the whole idea of the work, impose upon himself any of the ordinary forms of composition. The work is put together with skill, and has been made on a well matured plan. It was my misfortune to fail to detect any indications of genius either in its creation or its realization. As a matter of curiosity it is desirable to hear such productions, but as a matter of enjoyment most people would prefer something that did not aim for so much. It is well to have a panorama in your neighborhood; but it is the half yard of canvas hanging in its own cosey nook that gives us the most constant pleasure. The third overture to Leonore, by Beethoven, closed the concert. Both these works, and the orchestral accompaniment to the concerto, were finely played.

It is now time that I turned to

THE OPERA.

Mr. Maretzek's greatest success and most signal defeat has been in the opera of "Crispino e la Comare." I am impartial enough to rejoice at both results. There was once an English minister, who, according to Horace Walpole, could not bear resentment—however ill he had been used, or indeed have other feeling,—except thirst. So, under proper conditions, I can take a calm survey of Mr. Maretzek's exact position. First, as to his success. This was manifest on Saturday when in spite of the fiercest storm of the season the morning performance was crowded with as fair and blooming an audience as could be found anywhere in the world.

Every other place of amusement was empty, so the triumph was marked and unquestionable. Now, as to the impresario's defeat. He said that "Crispino" should be played on that day for the last time. The fair ones routed him completely on the subject, and "Crispino" was not only repeated on Tuesday last, but will be given again to-day at the Matinée. There can be but one opinion. It served him right. In the cause of public morality I trust sincerely that he may frequently be punished in the same way.

"Robert le Diable" has been played twice with only moderate success. The caste, indeed, was not very strong. Signor Irfre's Duke lacked power, and Signor Antonucci's Bertram can hardly be regarded as one of his best personations. In the last part of the opera, Mesdames Zucchi and Ortalini were heard to advantage, but the general performance lacked spirit.

On Wednesday, a fair representation of Verdi's "Rigoletto" was given to an audience that was more appreciative than numerous. It is a singular fact that whilst that hackneyed production "Il Trovatore," continues to attract delighted crowds, this better and less known work rarely rewards the management for the trouble of putting it on the stage. It enjoys a magnificent reputation—and poverty. Signor Mazzoleni was excellent as the Duke, and astonished every one by a remarkable display of upper notes—of the use of which he has, so far, been somewhat chary. Bellini was the court jester, and sang and acted with much dramatic earnestness. His liveliness, however, was forced and uneasy. Mad. Ortalini pleased her friends by a good interpretation of the *role* of Gilda; the music is pretty and brilliant. In the last act Miss Adelaide Phillips appeared vivaciously and cruelly as the loose person named Maddelina. The famous quartette was re-demanded. Miss Phillips was not in good voice, and scarcely contributed to this agreeable result. At the time when these valuable lines are undergoing the process of printing, the writer will be listening to the dulcet strains of Auber in "Fra Diavolo." Mazzoleni is the gentlemanly and obliging bandit.

Before leaving the subject of music, it may not be improper to refer once more to

THE FIDDLERS' STRIKE,

which, I am happy to say, has come to an end. The question of who has gained the day can only be answered negatively. The fiddlers have not done so; nor have the managers. Both have had meetings, and both have receded from their original positions. The matter, as I understand it, stands thus: The fiddlers have reduced their prices for balls and concerts, but insist on twenty dollars a week from the theatres. In other words, they want the good players of the city to fight the battles of the bad ones; to maintain prices and waste their time in an idle strike whilst the rank and file scrape away at balls, concert saloons, and places of infamous notoriety, earning their regular terms. The orchestral conductors of the principal theatres have left the association in disgust. With greater facility than could have been anticipated, they have succeeded in forming small bands. To expedite matters, the managers have held a meeting, and passed a resolution authorising their conductors to engage performers at salaries to be regulated according to individual ability and scarcity of instrument. Thus a first-rate artist will receive more under the new regulation than was even demanded by the association, but those who play the second parts will be paid accordingly. A lively howl may be expected from the latter. The arrangement is a fair one, and may have the effect of bringing talent to New York; but will it work with the musicians here?

According to a rule of the Protective Union no member is allowed to play in an orchestra where the conductor is an outsider, or non-subscriber to its articles of faith. Clearly then the temptation of special salaries will have to be resisted by this numerous and exacting gentry. The bad players can never consent to be placed on a lower level than the good ones. As far as voting is concerned they have the power, but I should not be surprised if the proficients were to nibble at the manager's bait in spite of protestation and expulsion. It was very wicked to lay it there at such a critical moment.

THE THEATRES

are doing so well that hardly a change has been made in the bills of the week. I am thus fortunately relieved from the necessity of inflicting another page upon you. This charming occasion will present itself immediately for I notice that things are likely to become chaotic on Monday. Mr. Forrest who has been sick, will present himself at Niblo's Garden, and it is to be hoped that every one may be strong for the occasion. If anything happens to me I shall order the apothecary to send me to the Olympic where under the milder influences of Mrs. John Wood I have no doubt I shall speedily become convalescent.

Understand me rightly in this matter. I am an admirer of the great tragedian, but have not practiced him lately, and feel a little timid. In the robust days of my youth, I have sat within reach of his voice for six consecutive nights, and beyond a slight cold have felt no ill effects from it. Would that those days were back again! What are there in the world that we remember with such fondness as rude health and endurance?

Mrs. John Wood re-appears as the "Sleeping Beauty," in the charming burlesque of that name. On the same evening Mr. Clarke returned to the Winter Garden, which he vacated gallantly for a brother artist. I am truly sorry that Mr. John Brougham has to leave the city so hastily, but there is really no chance for him this season.

At Wallack's theatre to night the legitimists are to be favored with a revival of Massinger's "New Way to pay Old Debts." The distribution is a fine one, and the performance no doubt will be worthy of the establishment which is still justly regarded as the best in America. The Ravels make their last appearances to-day;—at the Matinee and in the evening. The remarkable performances of Young America should be witnessed by every one. They are both astonishing and amusing. The company goes to Havana, but I have been told that the roof of the theatre was recently blow off which may be a cause of detention.

At the Broadway Theatre "Sam" is still the attraction, much to the disgust of *Solon Shingle*, who does not see the use of having a father that "fit into the revolution," when a B. Britisher is permitted to step in and take all the spoils.

At Barnum's Museum several novelties are in preparation, but the "French Spy" and "Mazeppa," with the beautiful OCEANA JUDAH (Jerusalem! what a name), seem to be sufficient for the present.

If my space was not entirely exhausted I would endeavor to give you an idea of De Cordova's new lecture, called Mrs. Griggs (Widow.) You should go to Irving Hall on Monday night and hear the story of the "Kibbiwink Trumpeter and its Editor." C. B. S.

The absence of the usual variety of humorous matter in this week's PRESS is explained elsewhere.

THE BORE OF THE SANCTUM.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Again I hear that creaking step!
He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes but never goes.

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more:
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry-door.

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills,
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote.
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote.
He thinks the writer did me wrong,
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "ADIEU!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
Disguise it as I may,
I know that like an Autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off:
Put crape upon the door;
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes;
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

THE TRUE STORY OF THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Once upon a time there was a dog who went through his life as he best could; the meaning thereof somewhat hid from him the special end and aim of his being not at all clear. He sought only to do his part, in a dog-like manner, as it appeared to him by occasional glimpses through the obscurity which surrounded him. I do not know that he was better or worse than others of his kind, but no opportunities for distinction occurred to him, so he took what fate offered, and endeavored to acquit himself creditably. If it was not for him, as for the Newfoundland, to save drowning souls from ruin, he did not therefore disdain to scare the hawk from the poultry, or to keep the disorderly swine in their precincts. He was not petted and pampered with luxury like the lap-dog, but ate his portion with gratitude, and never quite despaired; even when the idle mob chased him with foul cries through the village, when he had distanced his pursuers, he bathed his weary limbs in the fresh stream, and, lying in the sun, thanked God dumbly, in dog-fashion, and took courage.

One day in the autumn, when the north wind chilled him—for he was no longer young—he walked into the stable, I do not know on what errand, perhaps to see that the horses were safe, perhaps to watch the rats, and finding all was right, bethought him to rest. A manger filled with fresh hay attracted him, and scrambling into it he lay down. The sweet odors filled his brain, and soothed his spirits; the sun-light streaming through the open window bathed him with its warmth. He thought of pleasant days on the meadows where the clover blossomed, and the birds sang flying skyward, the summer clouds floated lazily above him, and he heard the softened hum of the bees buzzing from flower to flower, the cheerful melody of the little brook, and the grand low tone of the wind in the pine trees.

All these thrilled his dog-soul—for dogs, may-be for that they are closer to the earth, are nearer to nature than some men.

So he lay and mused, filled with memories of beauty, sights and sounds which made him grateful to the Divine that formed nothing in vain.

And he dreamed—he saw the heavens opened and the angels——

Just then a donkey chewing thistles outside the stable put his great head in at the window, blotting out the sunlight, and brayed a discordant laugh: "Ha! ha! see the dog in the manger! Dogs don't eat hay. It is impossible for a dog to *appreciate* hay."

And the dog awoke with a shiver.

MORAL.—This was only a dog after all.

But, reader, long-eared or otherwise, when you criticize a dog's actions, reflect whether you are right in so doing from a donkey-istic point of view.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

CH. F.

(*From the London "Fun."*)

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

RE-CAST BY A BRUTAL SAXON.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Glendalough by moonlight. The moon illuminated at the expense of the English tax-payers.*

Enter THE MCCOUL.

THE MCCOUL.—I am a rebel, and hope to be always received as such.

(*Indulgent British audience applauds.*)

Enter RAPPAREES, ANDY REGAN, MICHAEL DRISCOLL, PADDY BYRNE, CORNEY O'NOOLAGHAN, etc.

RAPPAREES.—Long life to the McCoul!

(They prostrate themselves before him.)

MCCOUL.—Bless ye, brightest jewels in the crown of Erin. And what have ye brought the chieftain who will never desert the boys who thieve for him or the emerald flag of his own native isle?

Music—"Garryowen."

(The Rapparees give him various articles which they have stolen in the neighborhood.)

MCCOUL.—Whisht! I smell the blood of an Englishman! Hide, boys, hide!

(The Rapparees and the McCoul hide.)

Enter MR. MICHAEL FEENY, *a respectable and solvent man.*

FEENY *(incautiously).*—I have about me a sum of £30,000 in gold. I hope I shall not meet any of those vagabond rebels.

MCCOUL.—Boys, is he armed?

RAPPAREES.—We think not. And he's not looking.

MCCOUL.—Then upon him!

Music—"The Shan van Voght."

(They fall upon Feeny and beat him until he is senseless, take the money from his pocket, offer it to the McCoul, who stands upon the necks of Regan and Byrne. They then wave a green flag, and shout "hurroo!"

SCENE 2.—*A wretched cabin.* SHAUN THE POST, ARRAH-NA-POGUE, *and a wedding party of male and female peasants. The wedding party drunk. The McCoul hiding.*

Music—"Paddy's wedding."

ANDY REGAN.—Shaun, sing us a song.

SHAUN *(maudlin tender).*—Hwhat song, boys?

ANDY.—"The Wearin' o' the Green?"

SHAUN.—Whisht! whisht! Wud I be singin' "The Wearin' o' the Green," within ear-shot of the barks (barracks)?

ANDY, MICHAEL, PADDY, AND CORNEY.—We'll watch that none o' the sojers hears you.

(Andy, Michael, Paddy, and Corney go off to give information at the barracks that Shaun is singing a seditious song.)

Shaun sings:

I met with Napper Tandy, and I says, "What do you here?"
He answers, "These are jolly days, blood's spillin' everywhere;
Them Saxon dogs is killing every one that can be seen,
Because their clothes are black, or hwhite, or blue, or gray, or green."

Enter THE O'GRADY *and soldiers.*

THE O'GRADY.—Arrest everybody for sedition; also Arrah-na-Pogue for harboring the rebel Beamish McCoul!

SHAUN *(jealously).*—Are ye afther hidin' him on my weddin' day?

ARRAH *(to Shaun).*—Sure, darlin, it was only that I might give him up to the Govvernment, and so get the rewar-rud (reward).

SHAUN *(melted to tears).*—Alanna ashtore! Core of my heart! Krincshigshivabathon-grauagh! *(Embraces her.)*

THE O'GRADY.—Where is the McCoul?

SOLDIERS *(who have been searching the house).*—Gone!

THE O'GRADY *(knowing the habits of the peasantry).*—Remember the reward offered for his apprehension is £500.

SHAUN.—I'll give him up for half that sum.

ARRAH.—And I for half that.

SHAUN.—Och, shame on yez to undersell your husband on his weddin'-day!

(They fight.)

ANDY REGAN.—Sure, O'Grady, I'll give up the McCoul too.

MIKE.—And so will I.

PADDY.—And I.

CORNEY.—And I.

THE O'GRADY *(conscious that he is the descendant of kings—that is, of Irish kings).*—Arrest Shaun the Post.

SHAUN.—Hwhat for?

THE O'GRADY.—I don't know.

SHAUN.—Who has bethrayed me?

THE O'GRADY.—The McCoul.

PEASANTRY.—Blessin's on the McCoul.

(Shaun is made prisoner. The peasantry fall on their faces and worship the O'Grady, the descendant of kings—that is, of Irish kings).

Music—"St. Patrick was a gentleman."

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Rathgar, Rathmines, or Rathdrum, indeed anywhere near Dublin.*

Music—"We may roam through this world."

Enter FANNY POWER, *of Cabinteely.*

FANNY.—Sure, the O'Grady loves me, and I love the McCoul a little, so I pretend to love both. It is such a noble thing to be a rebel.

Enter THE McCOUL.

McCOUL.—My own one!

FANNY.—Mine for ever. *(They embrace.)*

Enter THE O'GRADY.

THE O'GRADY.—What do I see!

FANNY *(aside to O'G).*—Whisht! I only brought him here to give him up to you.

THE O'GRADY.—Gostheraflooshagra!

McCOUL *(to Fanny, jealously).*—I see you had an appointment with my rival.

FANNY *(to McCoul).*—Whisht! I only brought him here that you might meet him.

McCOUL.—Hurroo!

THE O'GRADY.—Hurroo!

(They fight; both are nearly killed.)

FANNY *(looking at them).*—It is themselves that are the dandies.

Music—"When history's pages!"

SCENE 2.—*A court martial.* CAPTAIN COFFIN, *an* ENGLISH OFFICER, *and* MR. MICHAEL FEENY, *the only respectable persons present. No evidence of any sort is given.*

THE PRESIDENT.—We find Shaun guilty.

THE PEASANTRY.—Hurroo!

THE PRESIDENT.—And sentence him to be hanged.

THE PEASANTRY.—Hurroo!

(Andy, Patrick, and Shaun's immediate friends apply for the office of executioner.)

Music—"The sprig of Shillelagh!"

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Ballybetagh Castle.* SHAUN *discovered in a dungeon. He breaks open a window and climbs up by the ivy until he reaches the tower, where he finds* FANNY POWER *advising* ARRAH *when she is a widow to marry the* O'GRADY. ARRAH *consents. The* O'GRADY *and* McCOUL *and peasantry enter from opposite sides, and begin to fight. When the battle is at its height,* MR. MICHAEL FEENEY, *who since the last act has been promoted to the office of the Secretary of State, enters with one policeman, who takes the contending parties into custody. The* O'GRADY *is offered his liberty, which he accepts gratefully. The* O'GRADY *then makes an offer of his hand, and the prospect of an Irish throne to* FANNY POWER, *who rejects him, and seeing that* MR. MICHAEL FEENEY *is the man most likely to get on in the world, proposes to him and is accepted.*

THE PEASANTRY *(falling on their faces to Michael Feeney).*—Long life to the O'Feeny!

Music—"The Exile of Erin."

CURTAIN.

(From Chambers' Edinburg Journal.)

EGGS AND FEATHERS.

An old philosopher, of very miscellaneous tastes, has left us a speculation on the question, whether the bird was before the egg, or the egg before the bird. In the first case, he asks: Out of what did the bird proceed? and in the second: What laid the egg? There is a tradition of prodigious antiquity which represents Eros sitting on a mighty egg, forth from which, when it was hatched, came the universe! So, again, with the microcosmos, as with the cosmos, an egg, according to various systems, was its primitive home. But with these abstruse topics we shall not venture to meddle any further just now, our business lying with those pretty oblong spheres of various colors which nature produces every year in countless millions. Far south, in the Indian Ocean, in the midst of almost eternal surf and spray, rises what is appropriately termed Danger Island. Of all the lonely spots on the globe whose existence has been ascertained, this is probably the most lonely. Once only since the creation has it been known to be visited by man. The sea for many hundred miles rolls and flashes over a shallow bottom, till, arriving at a certain degree of latitude, the floor of rock abruptly terminates, and the ocean becomes in a moment of unfathomable depth. On the very edge of this abyss stands Danger Island, which the least touch of an earthquake, or an unusual stroke of hurricane, may some day topple over into the bottomless gulf. From this persuasion, possibly, man has never attempted to erect his dwellings upon it: there it stands, in the midst of the surge, overcanopied by the bluest of blue skies, surrounded by a boundless expanse of waves, generally shining and beautiful, but as little specked by sails as if they girdled an uninhabited planet. Yet, though no gale is astir, the billows incessantly fret and foam against the cliffs of Danger Island, which on all sides descend sheer into the deep, so as to appear from a distance perfectly inaccessible.

A surveying ship, traversing the ocean in all directions for scientific purposes, once approached this wild rock. The weather was calm and lovely; the waves, usually so restless, being afforded by the wind no pretext for climbing and roaring about the cliffs, lay still and smooth, as if to entrap the unwary mariner. Taking advantage of the occasion, a few daring young officers ordered a boat to be lowered, and pushing off with many a sturdy rower from the ship's side, soon drew near the perpendicular precipices of Danger Island. Nature has perhaps nowhere in all her domains produced so strange and fairy a spot. As the men rested on their oars, and looked up, they beheld trees of dense and beautiful foliage throwing out their arms over the cliffs on all sides, while birds of the most variegated and brilliant plumage seemed to hang like clustering flowers on the boughs. Having never been disturbed by man, they were ignorant that his approach boded them mischief, so that if they now and then quitted their perches, and spread out their dazzling wings, it was only in frolic and sport. After rowing to a considerable distance along the foot of the precipices, the gentlemen discovered a small fissure, through which they felt confident they could climb to the summit; and the boat being pushed quite close to the rocks, two or three of the most daring landed, and after no slight toil and peril, reached the top. The prospect which then presented itself was truly extraordinary. Rendered green as an emerald by the agency of hidden springs, the whole surface of the islet was thickly strewn with eggs of innumerable oceanic birds, which, rising from the task of incubation, formed a canopy of fluttering wings overhead. The eggs were of all colors—white, light chocolate, and cerulean blue, dotted with brown or crimson, or turquoise or black. Here and there little bills protruded from the shells; and the mothers, though scared away for a moment by the unusual apparition of men, soon alighted near their young, being, in spite of the name of their home, thoroughly unacquainted with danger. It might almost be said that the whole surface of the isle formed but one nest, divided into several compartments, where the naturalist, if he could live on eggs, might study the appearance, habits, and character of half the winged dwellers on the deep.

It is altogether unnecessary, however, to voyage so far in order to contemplate the beauty of one of nature's master-pieces—the egg. On few things has so much beauty been lavished. Just peep in any lane or brake in spring into a bird's nest, and lying cozily in their mossy couch you will behold a number of mysterious spheres, every one of them with life within, but externally smooth and brilliant as a gem, pencilled with delicate lines, flecked with lapis-lazuli or ruby, clouded, streaked, furnished with thousands of invisible pores, through which the air penetrates to the imprisoned bird, to hasten its development, and cooperate with animal heat in imparting to it all the mysterious powers of organization and vitality. Considering one of these marvels from our own point of view, we should, before instructed by experience, imagine it was something intended to last for ever—so wonderful is its constitution, so rare its beauty, so exquisite the finish and polish with which, so to speak, it has been chiseled and turned out of hand. Yet it is meant to endure but a few days at furthest. The young bird is cradled in beauty, which, when it has served its purpose, is thrown aside like the merest dross, not here and there, scantily and by driblets, but profusely, in incalculable quantities, over the whole surface of the globe. And why not? The power that calls them into existence can, when these are broken and thrown aside, bring forth others of equal loveliness in multitudes that know no limit. If you pierce the shell, what do you find within? First, a matrix, white, thin, and delicate like the petal of the rarest flower, which envelopes the young bird, and preserves it from contact with the polished but hard substance of the shell. Then, if you proceed further, you come upon the mighty process of matter quickening into life—the metamorphosis of two dissimilar fluids into bones, and flesh, and feathers, and talons, and heart, and brains, together with all the machinery of voice, instinct, affection, emotion, and such other phenomena as characterize existence in all creatures, whether they emerge, like the ostrich, from a huge spherical bowl, or like the humming-bird, from a round vehicle, scarcely equalling in dimensions the smallest pea.

Every one has heard of the egg-hatching ovens of Grand Cairo; but unless by actual inspection, it would be almost impossible to form a correct idea of them. They are, in fact, not ovens at all, but long suites of small low chambers, lighted from above, and heated by hypocausts below the flooring. When you look down the protracted line of rooms, you imagine yourself to be gazing upon whole acres of eggs, and experience a warmth equal to that which you would feel if forty hens were sitting on you. At first, indeed, you fancy yourself incapable of breathing the confined atmosphere even for a few minutes; but use exercises a prodigious power over the human system, and when you have remained half an hour or so in what are called the ovens, you forget the height of the thermometer, and are in a reasonable frame of mind for studying the mystery of incubation. We say mystery, because, when separately viewed, it appears to be such. But we are all hatched by heat, and the sun is the great hen that sits upon the universe, and brings forth all living things. The Cairo ovens, therefore, are only infinitesimally small types of the cosmical process. We believe it is on the nineteenth day that the throbbings of life become perceptible in the egg, soon after which the shell parts, and leaves the young bird exposed to the external vicissitudes of life. Then man takes upon himself the office of the hen, and feeds the young chickens till they are able to provide for themselves. If establishments of this kind were sufficiently multiplied, the wish of Henri Quatre for France might be realized in Egypt—that every peasant might have a fowl for dinner. If there be romance, however, in hatching birds by telluric heat, we entirely miss it. Much more poetical did it appear to us to stand beside a solitary nest in the desert. It was that of some unknown bird, which, with sweet confidence in the forbearance of everything possessing life, had constructed her procreant cradle in the open waste, under the frail shelter of a little tuft of grass. We arrived during her brief period of absence, when she had gone out of sight, just to take a sweep and stretch her wings in the balmy air. The nest was round, made externally of moss and grass, and lined with a variegated pattern of pink and white feathers. On this lay the five eggs, in color of a celestial blue, dotted with spots of gold. It was a sight of rare beauty: the surrounding grass, slightly scorched by the sun's rays, waved and rustled over the lovely spheres, as the gentle desert breeze fanned it into motion. Presently we heard a sharp cry overhead, and looking up, beheld the anxious mother wheeling round in small circles, and by her cries of increasing agony, entreating us to be gone. Obeying, through reverence for maternal love, we left the poor bird, of whatever species she might be, to bring forth her young in peace.

If from the first home of the bird we turn to clothing, what endless forms of magnificence present themselves! The branch of the fern, the frond of the palm, the pensile boughs of the larch bending beneath a weight of snow-flakes, yield the prize of delicate organization to an ostrich feather, to the tail of the peacock, or to that of the bird of paradise. Even the rainbow, which in summer spans the plain, and paints the cloud with its brilliant radiations of light, is less dazzling in its tints than the plumage of many a bird. Sometimes, at the peep of dawn in the desert, where you have perhaps been sleeping all night on your prayer carpet, if you glance along the surface of the sand-hills, you may discern millions of spikes diminutive as the finest needle, and green as an emerald, spreading forth a fairy mantle to the sky. It would be difficult to imagine anything softer or more lustrous than this evanescent robe of verdure, which fades as the dawn advances, and disappears altogether at the first touch of the sun. An Arab said it was as green as the wings of the angel Gabriel, or as a feather plucked from the breast of Abou Tob. Who and what is Abou Tob? we inquired, and to our surprise found it was the phœnix, which, after having been evicted from the natural history of Europe, has taken refuge in the warmer faith of the children of Ishmael.

A princess, the Arabs say, once dwelt in Persia, whose beauty was so great that all the kings of the surrounding countries sought her in marriage; the sole condition, however, on which she would consent to bestow her hand was hard to be complied with: her lover, she insisted, should present her with a feather from one of the wings of Abou Tob. Construing this into an insult, all her suitors retired from the field, save one, an emir of the country of Oman, who owned groves of frankincense-trees, quarries of emerald, and tracts of desert strewn thickly with the beryl and the moonstone. Before quitting the Persian court, he obtained the shah's permission to enjoy a short interview with his beloved in presence of her mother.

His object was to obtain a promise that, however long he might be absent, she would patiently wait his return. The promise was given. The emir set out; in what direction he wandered was known to no one. On the twentieth day he arrived at the brink of a rocky eminence overlooking a circular valley in which there was a lake, surrounded by grassy banks, sloping down to the water's edge. Here, worn out by fatigue, and having consumed all his provisions, he alighted from his horse, and turning the animal loose to graze, lay down, resolved there to await the terminator of delights, and the separator of companions. His attention, however, was soon attracted by a spectacle which, in spite of weariness, violently excited his curiosity. Clouds of birds, issuing from trees which he had not previously noticed, alighted in such numbers on the lake, that they almost hid the water, and as the sun was then shining, threw forth at every motion coruscations and flashes so dazzling and bright, that he felt persuaded he saw before him the children of Abou Tob. Here, then, he thought his toils might end, if he could only obtain one feather from those countless wings. Language would be exhausted in the attempt to describe the colors spread out before the eye—purple, scarlet, rose-color, green, amethyst, saffron, gold, mingling, traversing each other in flecks, in clouds, in bars, glancing, shifting, quivering, now reflecting the light in one direction, now in another, like an accumulation of the most gorgeous gems, till, as he gazed, the emir's heart throbbed with delight.

To descend into the valley, to find one feather, would surely not be difficult, where so many birds had stretched out their pinions. He descended accordingly, and found—not a feather, but an idea, with which he was so completely satisfied, that he resolved immediately to retrace his steps, and present himself with his discovery before the princess. How he lost his way, how he lived on roots and berries, how his clothes were torn, his sandals worn out, his face and figure emaciated, need not be dwelt upon. He arrived at the capital of Persia, and declaring he had found what he went in search of, was conducted into the presence of his beloved. "And where is the feather?" she inquired. Placing his hand upon his heart, he replied: "It is here." "Emir," she said, you have understood my meaning; you might have understoood it sooner; but better late than never. I accept the feather of Abou Tob, and in return give you myself." Thus, according to the dwellers in the Nejed, the Emir of Oman won the Princess of Persia—apropos of a feather.

One of the most exquisite sights we have ever, perhaps, beheld, was produced by the same agency. Sitting on a broad sandy flat in the Upper Nile, about half an hour before sunrise, we listened, in a delicious reverie, to the divine waters, as they flowed and rippled on either side of the isle. To assist our meditations, we were smoking a pipe of Gebeli, the amber resting indolently on our lips, and the red bowl upon the sand. Time in such situations flies rapidly by. The sun, ere we were aware of it, rose as if with a bound from behind the Arabian mountains, and in an instant the whole earth lay flooded with golden light. At the same instant, the flapping and rustling of countless wings were heard overhead, and looking up, we beheld an immense flight of pelicans, voyaging southwards. The breast of the pelican, it is well known, is milky white; yet now, being touched with the beams of the young sun, it became covered with a roseate flush. In one bird, this would have been striking; but when the delicate tinge passed like an irradiation along the soft curves of a thousand bosoms at once, it produced an effect perfectly marvellous. To our shame, we confess it, we killed, and attempted to eat, one of these harmless dwellers amid the waters. But our punishment was instantaneous—no human teeth could masticate its tough fibres, nor could any human stomach digest them. It is true we could gaze upon its dead breast, and try to fancy the celestial hues that had gladdened our sight in the morning; but they were no longer visible. The breast was indeed soft as that of the swan; but as it suggested ghastly ideas, we flung it into the Nile, so that nothing remained to us but the regret of having slaughtered the beautiful bird in vain.

Far away up in Africa we met a caravan bringing slaves, gold, ivory, odoriferous gums, and ostrich feathers toward the shores of the Mediterranean. Some of these feathers were white—not the cold white of snow, but the creamy soft white of a fair woman's skin. In London or Paris, we fancy they would have been worth their weight in gold. Each feather was in itself a picture. There was nothing in it which, when touched, produced that harsh, grating sensation of the nerves caused by passing the fingers along ordinary feathers. It hung in soft, wavy curls, like the finest lace, on both sides of the stem, and terminated in a little fan of ringlets, that fell soothingly upon the hand, like nothing else we

are acquainted with in creation. Yet the bird on which these marvels grew is one of the most awkward, ungainly, splay-footed creatures that Africa, the cradle of monsters, brings forth. While on the body of its owner, a tuft of these feathers looks positively ludicrous, as with its huge long legs, long neck, little head, and body like a stuffed cushion, it scours away in droves athwart the waste. Among the treasures of the same caravan, were other feathers of colors so bright that they suggested the idea of having been freshly dyed by art—some vermillion, others of the brightest green, others turquoise, or lapis-lazuli, or beryl yellow, or clouded like the opal, or sparkling like the chalcedony. One bunch of mingled tints so strikingly resembled a nosegay, that we thought for a moment the young Arab chief who held them in his hand was taking home some African flowers to his bride; and so, perhaps, he was, but they were flowers that would not fade, and may still be nodding on the brow of some loving brunette beneath the tents of Ishmael.

In the far east, tiny humming-birds are eagerly sought by the ladies of the harem. In the Moluccas, the nutmeg bird, with plumage in color like the fruit, is a special favorite, though its sober hues appear to Europeans extremely poor in comparison with its gaudy neighbors. In old Hellas, a very peculiar use was made of feathers, not after the death of their owners, but while they yet flashed and fluttered with joy on the wings that bred them.

Several kinds of birds having been carefully tamed, were scented with liquid odors, and during banquets let loose in spacious and splendid saloons, where, flitting among the lights, they scattered sweet dews over the guests. Among the luxuries of the same country, counterpanes were made with feathers of the peacock's tail, which cast their gorgeous hues over the forms of sleeping beauty. With us, the materials of our beds and winter-quilts may be seen floating on the ponds of Suffolk, or upon the waves of the Northern Ocean; and now that India has become a part of our empire, we may probably stuff our cushions with the down of its white pea-fowl, and shade our hats and bonnets with the feathers of their tails.

(From Once a Week.)

"YET ANOTHER GENUINE SPIRIT."

When I was staying some time ago at a country house, I met there a little Transatlantic damsel (a connection of my host's), with whom I used to talk a good deal, as her descriptions of her life in the country amused me, and reminded me now and then of pictures in the "Wide Wide World," such as that of the "bees" to "make candy," etc. She was a different type of girl from the young-lady Yankees I had hitherto met—less young-lady-ish, and more fond of the country and its pursuits, for the simple reason that she had been brought up there; whilst the other girls (American) that I had seen had all been city damsels. In one of her confidences—it was on a rather weird November day, whose gray sky and moaning wind had made us think and talk of *ghosts*—she told me the following story, and as she is exceedingly matter-of-fact, it made the more impression on me. I give it in her own words, as nearly as possible, Yankeeisms and all:

"In the summer, and, indeed, almost the whole year round, we live in a large wooden house in the country, some miles from the city, where we go for a short time in the winter. We move into the country quite early in the spring, almost before the leaves are out upon the trees, for mother likes the country, and she would hardly move into the city at all but she wishes to see her friends once in a while, as we live in a wild place where hardly any one takes the trouble to find us out. Two years ago, mother was taken very ill in town, and continued so until it was almost time for us to move into the the country. A week before we went, she asked me if I would go there the next day with the men and girls (Anglicè, servants), and remain (until she came to superintend the arrangements, and also see that good fires were kept up to get the house thoroughly warmed before she came. As it was frequently damp in the early spring, and as I knew mother would feel it from being delicate, I readily consented, and started next day for Woodville, our place in the country. We arrived there in the evening, and were soon busily engaged in putting things to rights, so that I had no chance to feel lonely that night. I must describe a little the situation of our house before I go on with my story.

"We live in the midst of a great forest, many miles from any one else, and so very wild is it, that from the windows we look directly out into the pines, with the long avenues between the trunks carpeted with pine leaves and roofed by the interlacing branches. The wind moans so drearily through these avenues, and often and often when I was a child I used to lie awake listening to the sounds and imagining strange stories about them. My room looked to the north, and upon the side most exposed to the wind; but when the house was full of people and noisy I used not to notice it much, and had not time to think of the dreariness; this night, however, I felt lonely—there was not a sound inside, only the wind moaning outside. I drew the curtains, and locked my door, and it looked so cozy then with my fire, that I soon chased the gloomy thoughts away and undressed and went to bed. I did not sleep much, as it was new to me to be there alone, and I felt the want of companions. The next day, feeling still more lonely, I wrote to my mother, asking her to send some of my friends to me to keep me company in my solitude. I spent one more night alone, and the next day was intensely cheered by seeing the coachman drive up to the door with my cousin Maud and another friend—just the ones I could have wished for, particularly Maud, as she was very lively and full of fun. We drew up to the fire and had a cosy chat, and I told them how lonely I had been. I said that I had only expected *one* of them, who would share my room, and that therefore there had been no other put in order or warmed; 'however,' I said, 'if you will both share mine, as it is large, I should be very happy to have you, and I could put a little cot-bed in or make one up on the sofa.' 'Oh no!' they both exclaimed, 'let us all sleep in your bed—it is so large—and then we shall scare away the bogies!' We went up to bed rather early that night, and as a precaution against thieves, I locked the door, after carefully looking under the bed and about, to see that all was safe. In a short time we were all in bed, and I put out the candles. My room had only one door—leading into the passage (the one I had locked), and there were two windows, one at the head of the bed, and the other on the opposite side of the room. After the candles were out, the fire threw strange flickering shadows about upon the walls, which were hung with bows and arrows, a stag's head and antlers, and a variety of old Indian weapons, so that Maud remarked in fun, 'What a ghostly old place! no wonder you were lonely; how the wind moans about the house. Did you ever see a ghost? I should think this just the place for one if there were such things.'

"Just at that moment the wind rose again, and it sounded like voices of laughter mocking her. 'Did you hear that, Lily?' Maud asked. 'Oh, yes; it's only the wind; it often moans like that.' Finally, we all went to sleep. I should think it was about the middle of the night, when I was awakened by a loud rap on the window furthest from my bed, so I started up and listened; it was not repeated, so I thought it might have been a little bird which had flown against the window, and I lay down again. As I was trying to go to sleep, there came another rap, louder than the first, and I started up again: then it stopped. There were the other two girls fast asleep by my side; why had they not waked as I had? The noise was so loud that I thought the window must have been cracked. The idea of ghosts or spirits never entered my head; and then I said to myself that perhaps the noise was not so very loud, as the other girls were not awaked by it, but that my imagination was excited. Then I tried to account for it in several ways: could it be little twigs blown from the trees on the window? or could it be some one outside knocking. This last thought suggested another: sometimes my brother, when he was locked out, used to throw pebbles against the window to wake some one up; might he not have ridden over from Cambridge, which was about twelve miles distant, and come to stay with me, hearing that I was alone at Woodville? Just then another rap came, and I jumped out of bed, and running to the window I opened it and called, 'Who is there?' No one answered. It was full moonlight; so clear that I could look all about. My window was up one story, with a rustic trellis reaching from it to the ground, covered with honeysuckle. No one could have climbed upon it, for it would hardly have borne a cat; and besides, who would be so really mean as to play a practical joke on us girls? *that* idea was absurd, for there was no one in the house but the servants. I waited a few minutes, but still saw and heard nothing. Maud was now awake, and asked me what was I was doing there. I did not wish to frighten her with my fears, so I said, 'I am looking at the strange shadows in the moonlight.' 'Well,' she replied, 'it certainly is an eccentric way of being romantic, standing at an open window in your night-dress this time of year! I am almost frozen.' So I shut the window, tried the door, which was still locked, and popped into bed.

I had no sooner got comfortably arranged, than a loud double rap came on the window, making us all start up, and Maud exclaimed,

'What was that? Oh, Lily, I do believe there are ghosts here!' Still, not wishing to alarm her, I told her it was only the wind, and so we lay down again. No sooner were we all quiet than again the raps came, only this time three in quick succession. Strange voices seemed to be laughing outside, and then—oh, horror of horrors! our bed began slowly to lower itself; and went down, and down, and down. There was no sound of pulleys or anything, only the mocking laughter outside. Was I awake; oh yes; and the others, too, for we grasped each other's hands convulsively, each afraid to speak or move.

I remembered a story I had read (it is, I think, in 'Anne of Geierstein'), in which a traveller is let down on his pallet by pulleys into a vault below. But then, I asked myself, how could that happen in a house where I had lived so long, and which I knew all about But, that the bed *was* going down was no mistake; we all felt it, and lay there quaking and trembling, not even daring to jump up and strike a light: not knowing what was on either side of the bed; and in this state of terror we lay till the gray of the morning. It seemed long, oh, so very long, before there was the least light; the darkness was so thick about us, and we felt as if we were sunk down so low into some dark gulf. But, then—oh, what a relief it was when we began by the dim light to distinguish the pieces of furniture about the room, proving that we were still in my room, and not sunk into the horrible pit we had imagined. There, too, were the four bed-posts standing at the corners, gaunt and erect; but the mattress, and we on it, lay flat upon the floor.

"And now the cause of it all flashed into my mind. It was an old-fashioned bedstead, with a sacking bottom, which was stretched by means of two cranks, so that when the sacking got loosened it could easily be wound up again. The extra weight of three people in bed had made the crank slowly unwind, loosening the sacking and thus letting the mattress sink gently on to the floor. Thus the mystery of the bed was explained; but what was the cause of the knocking? I laughed when I found out what that was, which I did shortly; for on going to the window where I had heard the noise in the night. I found—a *tooth-brush!* dangling midway knotted into the cord of the blind. I had pulled up the blind on my friend's arrival, and put the window a little open, and the cord of the blind must have in some way formed a slip-noose round the handle of the brush and pulled it up with it. The air through the window blowing the blind to-and-fro made the brush rap against the glass; and no wonder the noise was loud, and that I thought the glass would be broken.

"These two mysterious things (the noise and the bed-sinking) coming together, made us *really scared*, and I wouldn't pass such a night again for a sum of dollars."

G. A. W.

Messrs. Bunce & Huntingdon have in press a volume of verse by Mr. Charles D. Gardette, entitled "The Fire Fiend, and other Poems." It will be remembered that "The Fire Fiend" was originally contributed to the SATURDAY PRESS, whence it was copied into the English papers, at the instance of Mr. McReady, as a production of Edgar A. Poe's.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

AMERICAN.

Prison Life in the South: at Richmond, Macon, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Goldsborough, and Andersonville, during the years 1864 and 1865. By A. O. Abbott, late Lieutenant First New York Dragoons. With illustrations. 12mo pp. 374, $2.00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Fables of Æsop. With Croxall's Applications. Embellished with 110 engravings, designed by H. W. Herrick. 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, $5.00. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. A new and complete edition. 1 vol. 32mo. Blue and gold, $1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson. With 31 illustrations, from drawings by Solomon Eytinge, jr., and S. Colman, jr. 1 vol. 4to. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. One volume, Farringford edition. 1 vol. 12mo, $4.00 Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Atlantic Tales: A Collection of Stories from the Atlantic Monthly. 12mo pp. 479, $3.00. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ENGLISH.

A Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the discovery of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, during the years 1858—64. By David and Charles Livingstone. London; John Murray (shortly to be published by Harper & Brothers).

Plato, and the other Companions of Sokrates. By George Grote, F.R.S. D.C.L. Oxon, and LL.D. Cambridge, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. 3 vols. London: John Murray.

Half-a-Million of Money. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Bros.

Diplomatarium Anglicum Ævi Saxonici. A Collection of English Charters. From the Reign of King Æthelberht of Kent, A.D. DC.V. to that of William the Conqueror, containing—I. Miscellaneous Charters—II. Wills—III. Guilds—IV. Manumissions and Acquittances. With a Translation of the Anglo-Saxon. By Benjamin Thorpe, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Munich, and of the Society of Netherlandish Literature at Leyden. London: Macmillan & Co.

Brother Fabian's Manuscript and Other Poems. By Sebastian Evans. London: Macmillan & Co.

Pessimus: A Poem in Prose, and a Paradox. By Young England. London: Whittaker & Co.

Davis and Lee: A Vindication of the Southern States, Citizens, and Rights by the Federal Constitution and its Makers; and an Exposure of the Perversions of the said Constitution, and the Falsification of Historical Records by the Massachusetts Expounders; also, incidentally, President Johnson's Southern and States Right Principles. By P. C. Centz, Barrister. London: C. Mitchell & Co.

Peking and the Pekingese, during the First Year of the British Embassy in Peking. By Staff-Surgeon D. F. Rennie, M.D. With original illustrations. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: John Murray.

L'histoire du Nouveau César. Louis Napoleon, Conspirateur; Strasburg et Boulogne. Par P. Vésinier. Crown 8vo, 7s. London: Trubner & Co.

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